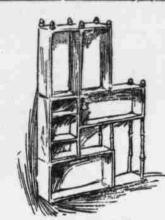
CIGAR BOX CABINETS.

To Hold All Sorts of Curiosities Th 4
Roys and Girls Collect.

contrary to law to use cigar toxes ore than once to pack cigars in, so any dealer will be giad to get rid of some, either for nothing or for a small sum. To make the larger of these cabbats, Fig. 1, twenty boxes will be needed. They are to be glued together, a work that must be done slowly, to let the glue dry between a few boxes

Build up the center first, making two tiers of three boxes each. On each side of these built up a tier of six boxes, and outside of all, tiers of five boxes each. Spaces are left where the third box from the top would come and small posts or spindles are inserted. A boy with a turning lathe can



A CIGAR BOX CABINET.

turn good spindles for this purpose. Or pieces of bamboo or sections of a natural wood cane can be used.

The space left over the six center boxes is divided by a shelf, and the four boxes on either side this space are so grooved that a long narrow piece of glass can be slipped in to cover them all. This will give compartments where mounted insects and other specimens which must be kept free from dust may be put.

free from dust may be put.

Good-sized acorns glued on top will make a finish. The whole cabinet is oiled or varnished. If some compartments are lined with dark cloth or velvet thay will show

off bright specimens well.

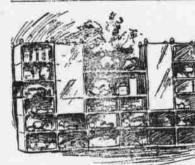
When the cabinet is fastened on the wall, it must either be set on a narrow shelf laid on brackets, or a small bracket must be put under each tier of boxes. Screw eyes fastened on top, at the back, will also look welly against the wall. It will also look will on a mantel or table. will also look well on a mantel or table.

The size, shape and style of such a cabinet can be changed to suit any boy's or girl's

More hoxes, or fewer, can be use and they can be erranged in any number of From the Chicago Herald. and they can be stratiged in any number of ways. Some may be set upright, and the lids left on for doors.

Figure 2 shows a small cabinet without either glass or doors. It needs only five boxes. One has two shelves. The spindles

are, of bamboo. Such a cabinet would be Washington departments is thoroughly exemuseful for other things than curiosities. It plified in the methods of Government architects. Buildings for public purposes are contents.



A MORE AMBITIOUS REPORT.

fancy little teacups, and would be a good present to make for some grown-up friend. It may be painted over inside and out with It may be painted over inside and out with common white paint, and then covered with a coat of enamel paint, white or some pale color, touched up with gold. It is especially adapted, though, for a small collection, say of butterfiles or stones, and any, or all, of the boxes may be grooved to hold glass fronts. The upright boxes can all be fitted with shelves, so they will hold more specimens.

A HANDY WCMAN.

She Speedily Made Over an Old Dress Into a New One.

"No suitable dress!" cried Mrs. B. when Mrs. A. urged that as an excuse for not going up to the Blank House to spend Sun-"Where is that black silk you were wearing this spring?"
"Oh that!" cried Mrs. A. with scorn.

Why the bodice is all shiny. I can wear it at night, but only then, and besides it is hopelessly old style."

is hopelessly old style."
"If you will allow me \$5 and give me a
day's help I will make that into a gown
you will be proud of," said her friend.
Mrs. B. set to work. She draped the with oating cream chiffon and covered the bodies with pleated chiffon re-lieved with a row of black lace insertion. The collar and the belt were made of Prussian blue velvet, and an edge of blue velve set on the flounce of the skirt established the relationship between the skirt and the waist. It was a great success. When Mrs. A. floated into dinner at the Blank House she felt that she was a triumph of mind over matter, and she experienced all that exalted calm which, it is said, re-ligion is powerless to bestow.

Signs of a Faulty Taste,

Wearing anything out of piace is a sign of bad taste. The other morning a fourteen-year-old girl get on a public conveyance in a big city. She were a rose-colored silk dress with white flowers scattered over it, There was a shoulder ruffle of embroidered chiffion and some white ribbon trimming. A big white hat with flaring ribbon loops was on her head, and she carried a pair of

white gloves.

The dress had had lots of wear, the chif-The dress had had lots of wear, the chiffon was slimpsy and worn, the ribbons on
dress and hat were solled, so were the
gloves. All this could be seen at a glance,
but other things could also be seen—things
that perhaps the girl in the tawdry costume
did not think would be noticed—hair tied
frowsily down the back, skin not over clean
and hands ditto. They held, with the
gloves, a sorry-looking purse that told its
own story.

own story.

The simple fact was the girl had little to spend, and that she was so fond of finery that she had put all her money in the dress and had no other to wear on the street. If it had been a pink muslin, with clean hat and belt ribbons, the costume might have been worn by a rich man's daughter of a summer morning. But it is safe to say that the rich man's daughter, with plenty of silk dresses, would not have worn seek showy suit, except to some party or place of amusement. It would have been fresh and clean, too, and her skin and finger-nails would have matched it.

SHE HAD HER WEIGH.

But She Had to Die to Prove That She Was in the Right.

From the Minneapolis Tribune.
"When a woman makes her mind up * to anything," said the man with the ginger beard to the Indianapolis Journal, "they

ain't no way of preventin' her from reachin the end she aims at." "Thouten she dies, of course," remarked

"It does look to me," said the man with the ginger beard to the rash interrupter, "like you have the most natural gift of what you don't know every time you open your mouth of any man I ever I will admit," continued the man with the ginger beard, as the grocer assumed a humbled expression, "that you are all right in the grocery business. Fact is, a man would have to be pretty smooth to make a livin' out of the kind o' stock you keep. Now, the time you explained the hair bein' in the butter because the butter wasn't strong enough to hold itself together without it was plum good. Howsomever, it looks like rain an' I can't waste no more time on you. Now, this here

thing, she had to die to git her own way, but she got it."
"Love affair?" asked the man from Po-tato Creek, who had a romantic streak in

"Love affeir, nothin". She was marrit to her third husband. They hadn't ben marrit to her third husband. They hadn't ben marrit more'n a week, I guess, before the old man begins twitting bar cause she was so thin, an' wond'ring why the Lord couldn't assen fit to make her weigh as much as his first wife. How much did the angel weigh? she asked him, kinder sarcastic-like, one day, when they had ben jawin's a little more than common.

"Just exactly 155 pounds, says he.

"Well, says she, I'm going to git to that weight if it takes a hundred years."

"Howsomever, 'stead of gettin' any fatter, she gits thinner and thinner right along, till she ups and dies. 'Well,' says the old man, 'seems like she didn't git to that there weight she started for after all. I gess she weighed nearer fifty-five than a

that there weight she started for after all. I gess she weighed nearer fifty-five than a hundred and fifty-five. But that's all he knowed about it. About two years after they was a boom in real estate, and the old graveyard turnin' out to be pretty good town lots, the folks had to move, this here woman among the rest. When they come to dig her up she was patrified." "Petrified, I suppose you mean," said the

school teacher.

"Anyhow, I mean she had turned to rock. Any now in the curiosity they weighed her. Funny thing, too. She come exactly to that there 155 pounds she alles said she'd git, and they won't never make me believe that she didn't know what she was doin' all the

From The Century. A shot weighing 250 pounds from an eight-inch gun of Fort Valdivia in Valparaiso Har-bor struck the cruisor Hanoo Emoslada above the armor beit, passed through the thin steel plate on the side, went through the captain's plate on the side, went through the capture cabin, took the pillow rom under his head, dropped his head on the mattress with a thump, but without injuring a hair, passed through the open door into the messroom, where it struck the floor and then glanced

where it struck the new and then gamest to the ceiling.

Then it went through a wooden bulkhead one-inch thick into a room 25x48 feet, where forty men were sizesying in hammocks. It killed six of them outsight, and wounded six others, three of whom died, after which it passed through a steel bulkhead five inches thick and ended its course by striking a bat-

thick and ended its course by striking a bat-tery outside in which it made a dent two inches deep. It was filled with sand. Had it released deadly gases no one knows what damage it might have done.

A 600-pound missile from a ten-inch gun in the same fort struck the same vessel on its eight-inch armor. It hit square ou a bolt. The shell did pierce the armor, but burst out-side the vessel, it drove the boit clear through, and in its flight the boit struck an eight-inch gun, completely disabling it. Such is the power of the smaller-sized guns.

Uncle Sam Growing Wiser.

Chicago's new Postoffice, if built upon the plans now under consideration, will be the first Government building constructed according to modern ideas of business architecture. The conservatism—to speak politely—of the structed on the same ponderous, unsanitary plans that were in favor 100 years ago. Light and air, the primary requisites in modern structures, are considered of no importance. The idea of the designer is apparently to construct a building that from the outside will look as much as possible like an Egyptian tomb. The comfort or convenience of its oc-cupants, or the adaptability of the structure to the purposes for which it is intended, are left out of consideration. The new Postofleft out of consideration. The new Postof-fice building will be of the type known as Chicago construction—light, but strong; plain, but serviceable. It will not be made up of ponderous and unatable pillars, moidings and architectural generators of business, and it is likely to mark a new main Government architecture.

Albert's First Letter to Victoria. The following is a correct copy of the first letter ever received by the Queen from her ever-lamented husband:

from her ever-lamented husband:

My Dearest Cousin—I must write you a few lines to present you my sincerest felicitations on the great change which has taken place in your life. Now you are queen of the mightiest land in Europe; in your hand lies the happiness of millions. May Heaven assist you and strengthen you with its strength in that high and difficult task. I hope that your reign will be long, happy and glorious, and that your efforts may be rewarded by the thankfulness and love of your subjects. May I pray you to think likewise sometimes of your cousins in Boun, and to continue to them. Pray you to think likewine sometimes of your consins in Bonn, and to continue to them that kindness you favored them with till now. Be assured that our minds are always with you. I will not be indiscreet and abuse your time. Believe me, always Your Majesty's most obedient and faith ul servant, ALBERT.

The Serpent's Muscular Strength. The power of continuing motionless with the lilted head projecting forward for an indefinite time is one of the most wonderful of the serpent's muscular feats, and is one of the highest importance to the animal, both fascinating its victim and when mimwhen fascinating its victim and and are liking some inanimate object, as, for in-taking some inanimate object, as, for in-stance, the stem and bud of an aquatic plant: here it is only referred to on account of the effect it produces on the human mind, as enhancing the serpent's strangeness. In this attitude, with the round, unwinking fixed on the beholder's face, the effect

may be very ourlous and uncanny. Hepented at Leisure.

From the Detroit Tribuna.

The parson made them one,
In ten seconds it was done.

They couldn't have been married any quicker;
As the saage old doth say,
Proved with them to be the way;

They do nothing all the time, forsouth, but bicker. Repented at Leisure.

It Would Have Been Cheaper

From the Chicago Inter Ocean.

Beafsteaks may be high, but the most costly thing now in sight is "sympathy with the Pullman strikers." Chicago would have found it cheaper to erect a first class hotel and feed the entire party upon the fat of the land for the next seven years.

How It Came About From the Chicago Tribune. It came about in this way: Cleveland Cleave to your principles (7) Cleave the party.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The meat of animals which have been bled to death keeps the best. Delaware is the lowest State and Colorado the highest above the sea level. Some deep sea fish have luminous organs and light their own way through the dark-

Nearly 2,000,000 sacred images are annually manufactured at Vladimir and Kursk, Russia. There are venomous fishes whose spines in-flict dangerous wounds, much like the stings of snakes.

only two strikes were ever known to occur in Turkey. One was of dockyard laborers in the Government employ for arrears in pay, and the other was of clgarette makers in Government factories for the exclusion of women. The dockmen got their money and the women were turned out.

women. The dockmen got their money and the women were turned out.

Vaccination threatens to become an universal panacea in the ingenius hands of continental savants. Inoculation against snake bite is the latest production in this field, brought forward by Messrs. Phinalix and Bertrand at a recent meeting of the Academie des Sciences.

The holders of season tickets at the Milan Opera House raised a tremendous row because there was so much Wagner. At the twentieth performance of "Dis Walkure" they provented the orchestra from playing, drove the musical director from the hall, threatened to break up the stage and organized a resistance amid the most terrible hubbub. They drove the police from the theater. At last the place was closed.

It is reported that an English officer named Harrington has discovered in India a working the stage of the carrier to have been in operation at Pauj for over 2,000 years. Egyptologists have found unmistakable evidence of wire communications between some of the temples of the earlier Egyptian dynasties, but whether these served a telegraphic, telephonic or other purposes is not stated.

Yellow Ball and Mortality.

From the Washington Star.

"The local team must have been playing very poor bail," said the experienced merchant.

"Why, I didn't know you paid any attention

"Which woman?"

"This here woman I was thinkin' of when I spoke was just like all the rest of 'em; when her mind was sot. It was sot. Pore has died only twice this summer."

"Which woman?"

"I don't know anything about it. except what I gather from casual observation. I have noticed that my office boy's grandmother have noticed that my office boy's grandmother has died only twice this summer."

"This here woman I was thinkin' of when I gather from casual observation. I have noticed that my office boy's grandmother has died only twice this summer."

"MARLEYDEIGHT."

"How many miles to Marleybright;"
The children played in the starry dusk,
Glad country boys in the sweet May night,
Where soft winds scattered myrri and mu
From orchard hossoms pink and white,
And locusts bending over the road.

"How many miles to Marleybright?"
From far away: "Three score and ten!"
"Can I get there by candle light?"
A boy's odd rhyming comes again:
"Yes, if y'r legs are long an' light,
But I'k out fer witches on the road!"

We have regret for passing day, Sadness, may be, at evening time, But childhood's heart is always gay, With little reason, less of rhyme, Only that care is far away As the bine beyond the bending road, Where hide the years? We cannot find
The times that knew those happy boys,
Yet sounds of play come on the wind.
The dusk-time play, the star-time noise;
Laughter of days long left behind
Comes with the twilight up the road.

How many a mile to Marleybright!
Yet each one reached his own hearthstone
And rested by the candle light,
Rested, ah yes, but not alone.
Each found himself, though swift his flight,
Caught by a witch upon the road!
—Agnos E. Mitchell.

EXPERT THIEVING.

HOW PRIVATE HOUSES ARE WORKED BY INGENIOUS CROOKS.

ome of the New Tricks Well Calculated to Deceive the Cautious-Calling For Articles Just Delivered-A Cunning Game In Connection With Lost Articles,

During the cold weather of the early part of the year an eastern lady visiting at a well known house in the heart of the city ordered from a prominent furrier a costly wrap of Russian sable. Alterations in the garment were necessary, house stood an old man grinding away and as they would require time and the at an ax. His hair was snowy white. lady was about returning east she re- His wide brimmed straw hat, with its quested her hostess to receive the wrap and forward it to her. The long box was delivered on the promised day, and the sable wrap was just being packed for expressage when the front door bell again pealed sharply, and a message, purporting to come from the furrier, was brought.

It was to the effect that an alteration, particularly directed, had been overlooked. The furrier requested the return of the garment and the mistake would be rectified that same afternoon. The huge box was about to be intrusted to the messenger when a fortuitous impulse came to its guardian. She returned word to the messenger that she declined to take the responsibility of permitting anything so valuable to be taken away without a written order, but would herself call at the furrier's the following morning. That call confirmed suspicions. The furrier had authorized no one to recover the wrap. It was easy to draw conclusions.

Again, and yet more recently, a lady resident of West Walnut street found on her return home one mild afternoon that a valuable jewel watch had fallen from its chatelaine and left no traces behind. That evening her husband hastened to have the loss advertised in the morning papers. At breakfast the "Lost and Found" columns were carefully read. The valuable chatelaine watch was described in the "Lost" lines, and to the joy of husband and wife another "ad." was found detailing the discovery of a lady's jeweled watch on the street in the same vicinity. Mr. and Mrs. Smith, as they may be called, were still discussing breakfast and the lost watch when a man was announced.

"About a lost watch," so ran his mes sage, "picked up the previous evening on the pavement below." "My watch, I'm confident," she ex-

claimed, springing from her chair. "So you said a few moments ago, when you read the 'Found' advertisement," remonstrated her husband. But she hurried through the doorway, the caution, "Be careful what you say," ringing in her ears.

"You lost a watch; I found one," so began the man. "Describe yours, please." Mrs. Smith did so, while the stranger kept his left hand closed, seemingly, over the lost trinket.

"Your watch number - that I must have," continued the man as she finished a brief but clear description. Quite impressed by his concise, businesslike manner, she consulted a card on which she had methodically jotted down her treasure's number. The man repeated the

figures slowly after her. "After all, this doesn't appear to be your watch," he said colly, exhibiting a cheap timepiece of rolled gold.

Grumbling over the wasted moments, she quickly donned her street suit and hastened to the neighboring house from where the "Found" notice had issued. She was met on the threshold by the neighbor herself, whose excited greeting

"So glad we were the fortunate finders of your beautiful watch. Bridget saw it shining on the pavement as she was lighting the vestibule lamp. When your brother called 20 minutes or so ago, we were as pleased to give him the watch as he was to get it. Of course we were careful to have it described, which he did accurately, giving the exact number."

Mrs. Smith is still minus her pretty jewel, but she has learned a costly les-

The audacity of these house thieves is often really amusing. They will go to any extent and take the greatest risk to accomplish their ends. One more example like the aforementioned, a true one: In a commodious down town residence a valuable ornament in the library is a bust of Andrew Jackson, cut in solid marble by a master hand. The house's head, now in the "great majority" ranks was a man noted for his wide sympathies and generous views. It did not excite much comment at his house when, one day, a couple of men called and stated that the colonel had directed them to carry the Jackson bust to his office, not far distant, where it was to figure in an

early political demonstration. The ladies of the family were not at home, but an old Irish woman, who had for years been a fixture in the kitchen. caught sight of the bust as it was being carried out of the door. She was attached to the family she had served so ong, their interests were hers, and she managed to gain upon the two men, who were hurrying down the street, bur-dened with the heavy marble.

"You take that figger right back to the house," commanded the aproned captain. 'Take it back, or I'll call a perleeceman. Ef the colonel wanted that figger, he'd a-written fur it. You kerry it back."

The men saw that the dumpy, calico gowned maid meant business. They did "kerry" the bust back, else the colo nel would have mourned a valuable orIS IT TRUE!

Is it true that love flies out the window When poverty stalks in the door? Is it true that the heart of a woman Cares for luxuries and nothing more?

Is her heart so shallow and vapid? Is her soul so narrow and mean? Is her mind so placid and depthless That it shows but the surface sheen?

Oh, rather was shallow the writer Of that libel on grand womanhoo Of the heart of her whom he slands He knew not, nor yet understoo

In the time of adversity's trials, strife, Tis ever the love of a woman That brings back our manhood to life.

—Detroit Free Press.

MANDY.

Eph Parks and his family lived in that part of Livingston county where the farms are red and gully washed, where the cornstalks are thin and sickly looking and burn yellow in the sun almost as soon as they are green. He was strong and rugged, this sturdy farmer, with his big, bony hands and nut brown, lean cheeks, and as he stood out in the burning August sun, striking vigorously at hidden sassafras roots with his homemade hoe, he was a striking illustration of those people who toil throughout their lives with little thought of the rest of the world or its pleasures. Between the rolling, poor land on which Eph was working and the road stood a two room log house, scantily protected from the sun's rays

by a few scrubby black oaks. At a grindstone at the rear of the shoestring band, did not conceal the deep wrinkles on his face. His hickory shirt was torn and faded, and the skin looked blistered through the rents. He rested once in awhile and tested the edge of his ax with his thumb. This was Eph's father. A woman almost as old and long past the age of work sat on a stone in a shady spot watching the grinding of the ax and remarking in a cracked voice the chances for a crop. They had failed in this the last season, and it was of great importance to them. The corn bread and bacon had been very scant of late. Eph's parents were very old and feeble, but they helped as best they could.

A tall, angular woman of perhaps 40, though she looked much older, came to the door. Her calico dress was soiled and torn. A pair of Eph's boots with great patches of rawhide and with the heels run over peeped out from under her tucked up dress. Her face was hard and pinched. The sallow color contrasted strongly with the dark, almost black blue of her gown, and when the sleeves were rolled to the elbows her arms were brown. One bony hand clutched a dishrag, which she held against the side of the door as she shaded her eyes with the other. She was looking at her husband

as he worked across the red clay field. The clatter of a horse's hoofs on the hard and gravel washed road was heard. Her eyes were turned in the direction of the rapidly approaching rider. A half dozen children, the eldest a boy of 10, came from a gully near by, where they had been playing, also attracted by the sounds. All moved around to the front of the house. To the surprise of all, the stranger pulled up at the fence:

"Eph Parks live here?"

"Yep, that's him over there in the field," answered the woman. The stranger dismounted, tied the across the field toward Eph. The childress. She smacked them right and left Louisville Courier-Journal. impulsively. She was watching the stranger. The man finally reached Eph, and the two had a parley for several minutes. When they started toward the house, the stranger had hold of Eph's arm. Eph's parents and his wife and children were all standing close together

when the pair reached the house. 'Mandy, this 'ere's a gove'ment ossifer, and he's cum ter take me 'way to feething, use Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion, jail fur makin them dollars. 'Twan't no 25 cents. For sale by D. J. Humphrey. harm nohow, le'stwise I'm er church Napol

member yet." "Hurry up, hurry up," said the detective. "I want to get to the station in time to catch the night train.'

"How long will yer be gone, Eph?" said his wife. His aged parents stood with their mouths open. They did not understand it at all.

"Doan' know," answered Eph as the Then the men climbed over the fence. The stranger got on his horse and told Eph to walk along in front of him. He men moved off down the scorching hot water. road, leaving the group standing as it in the woods. She stood there in the rear of the house, and the children finally resumed their playing. Still she stood there, looking. The sun continued his traveling, and finally dropped behind the woods in which her husband had disappeared.

"Yes," she murmured, "that there's Jim Dobson's work. He tole on Eph." She shook her head several times, looked down the road once again and then passed into the house. She prepared the scenty meal without a word. There was a strange silence in the house, as if a corpse were near. The children were put to bed, and soon the old man and old woman followed. Then Mandy pulled her stool over to the open window and looked out into the night. She placed her elbows on the sill and rested her chin in her hands. The moon came creeping up from behind a distant hill and shed its soft light over the farm. Still Mandy gazed out into the

A Living From Ten Acres.

Wenatchee, on the Columbia River, be an important fruit center. It resorts, to the Okanogan mining dis-trict, and to the Peshastin gold and lumber camps. Has superb climate, fine scenery and rich soil. Produces best flavored fruits and all staple crops. Good openings for industrious St. Paul, Minn.

night. Her face seemed as void of expression as the black oaks in the yard. MEMBER OF THE LIARS' CLUB

The cold, hard stare was directed toward the road, and there it rested immovably. The hours passed slowly. The moon crept on and on until it was almost directly over the house. The loud snoring of the old folks, the occasional cough of one of the children, the chirp of a cricket and the croak of a frog were the only sounds which disturbed the almost perfect quiet.

" "Twan't no harm nohow," she said to herself. "Ther law ain't no right to put yer in jail fur makin money er whisky." And the moon traveled on. "He did it, that ther Dobson." And again she relapsed into silence.

Soon she arose and shook herself, as if to throw off the chill of the night hundredth time of the beauties of his air. She lighted the dip of tallow and placed it on a chair; then she reached up over the door and took a long rifle down from its resting place on a pair of tree forks. She extracted the charge with a long rod, wiped the gun clean and reloaded it. Then she placed it back where she found it, removed her faded calico dress and went to bed. Her loud breathing soon told that she was asleep. In the morning she performed her

household duties as if nothing had happened. No word was spoken of Eph, except by the oldest boy, who asked once when "pop ud be back." No one answered him. The sun came out again in all its fierceness. The children began their play and the old people their talk. When all were busy, Mandy took the old rifle down from the rack over the doer. She shouldered the weapon with the strength and sleight of a strong man and started off down the road. She seemed in a hurry, for she took long strides like a man. Her body swayed in tune to her step, either from the weight of the gun or habit. She passed several persons with the usual saluta-"Mornin!" She looked neither tion, to the left nor to the right. Finally she reached a lane where the hazel bushes skirted the road. She walked more carefully then. She peered into a field through an opening, but did not seem satisfied, for she continued her walking. She stopped again shortly and looked through the bushes. In the field, about 20 paces distant, was a man patiently hoeing his corn. She poked the rifle through the bushes just as the solitary laborer straightened up, took off his hat of the upper house, and he alone, could and wiped the perspiration from his face with his shirt sleeve. She glanced along the barrel of the gun. There was a sharp report, and the man fell over in a furrow. The blood flowed from a hole in his temple.

Then Mandy replaced the gun on her to them, and if you have received none shoulder. She walked off down the road | it's a mistake—an oversight. He called without a word. When she arrived at a servant, said something in a jarger her home, she put the rifle in its resting | which I could not understand and made place and went about her duties.

In the afternoon the rumble of a road Bill Bucker, the constable. As he climbed over the fence all in the house started out to meet him. "Mandy, I want yer ter go with me

fur ther shootin of Dobson." dow the night before. Eph's father and mother and the children looked at her

fixedly. "All right, Bill, I'll go with yer," and with this she climbed into the for admission to the press loge.

"yer go over to yer Aunt Minerva's an | tion that he could speak English, and bridle rein to the rail fence and started tell her to cum round an look after yet all." The wagon rattled down the road, dren instinctively clustered around their and the children and old people looked in the dyed mustache. He took my name mother and tugged unconsciously at her after it.—Will Withers Douglas in and pedigree, asked me whence I came

Some Foolish Mothers. Let their babies cry with Colic, giving mother no rest night or day. How foolish, when Dr. Hand's Colic Cure gives immediate relief to baby. It removes wind from the stomach, quiets the nerves and gives rest-ful sleep. Mother, send to-day to your drug store for a 25c. bottle. Think of the weary

DEMARKABLE TREES.

Some of the More Striking Curiosities of

Plant Life. On the Canary island grows a fountain tree, a tree most needed in some parts of the island. It is said that the leaves constantly distill enough water to furnish drink to every living creature handcuffs were adjusted to his wrists. | in Hiero, nature having provided this remedy for the drought of the island. Every morning near this part of the is land a cloud or mist arises from the sea, also said that any attempt on Eph's part | which the winds force against the steep to run would cost him his life. There cliff on which the tree grows, and it is was no handshaking, no tears. The from the mist that the tree distills the

China, too, claims her remarkable had stood at first, together. The old tree. This is known as the tallow tree, man and old woman looked at Mandy so called from the fact of its produc appealingly, but Mandy watched her ing a substance like tallow, and which husband and the stranger disappear serves the same purpose, is of the same consistence, color and smell. On the issun with her head uncovered long after | land of Loo-Choo grows a tree, about the they had moved out of her sight. The size of a common cherry tree, which old man and woman went back to the possesses the peculiarity of changing the color of its blossoms. At one time the flower assumes the tint of the lily, and again shortly takes the color of the rose. In Tibet there is a curious tree known as the tree of the thousand images. Its leaves are covered with well defined is of great age and the only one of its kind known there.

The caobab tree is considered one of the most wonderful of the vegetable kingdom. It appears that nothing can kill this tree; hence it reaches an astonishing age as well as enormous size, The natives make a strong cord from the fibers of the bark; hence the trees are continually barked, but without damage, as they soon put forth a new bark. It appears impervious to fire, and even the ax is resisted, as it continues to grow in length while it is lying on the ground.

In Mexico there is a plant known by the name of palo de leche. It belongs to the family of euphorbia. The Indians throw the leaves into the water, and the fish become stupefied and rise to the in the geographical center of the surface and are then caught by the na-State of Washington, is destined to tives. In this case the effect of the narcotic soon passes off. The milk of this is the outlet to the Big Bend wheat country, to the Lake Chelan scenic fumes that produce nausea and headplant thrown upon the fire gives out ache. The milk taken internally is a deadly poison. It will produce death or insanity, according to the size of the dose. There is a popular belief among the lower class in Mexico that the in-

oury.

HEGOTINTO THE DIET

HEARD TISZA'S LAST ADDRESS. He Made a Bold Play and Carried His Point,

and His Conscience Only Bothered Him When He Saw That He Would Be Succensful In the Scheme.

The party was in conversation over its beer of all shades and all degrees of excellence, and tales had been told in several languages and of diverse degrees of trustworthiness when the Hungarian pounced upon an opportunity-he had his glass empty first-to tell for the native Budapest. The baths, the Andrassy avenue, the park, the theaters, the bridge, the palaces, the music and the "incomparably beautiful women' had all been described, and Hungarian statesmen, from Kossuth to Kalnoky, lauded when a story teller interrupted with:

"Budapest may be all that you claim for it, but I'll never forget an experience I had there when I fooled some of its bigwigs. It was only a few years ago, when I stopped there for a rest on my way from Paris by the Oriental express to Constantinople. I noticed an unusual excitement at the Hotel Hungaria, could see there were many strangers in town, and across the Danube, over the Schloss, floated the royal standard of Hungary as a sign that the king was there. You know the Hungarians never speak of Franz Josef as emperor, always as king.

"During the day I heard that the ministry would resign the next day, and that Premier Tisza would make his last address in parliament. Well, you can well imagine I wanted to be in at the death and set about to secure a ticket of admission to the diet hall. Those whom I asked simply laughed at me. Tickets were at a high premium, and some to whom I applied gave me a Hungarian look of withering contempt which made me only more anxious to get there. "But the morrow came, and I saw the

chances for a peep at the show growing exasperatingly less, when I suddenly felt myself possessed of an idea. I went to the house of parliament and after much inquiry learned that the librarian admit me, and I succeeded in seeing him. 'I'm surprised,' I said to him, 'that you have made no provision for the press at a time so important as this. 'Press?' said he. 'Why, press tickets have been issued to all who are entlitled me a bow of dismissal. The man, who was dressed to go on in the chorus of wagon was heard below the house. It the 'Beggar Student' or the 'Black Huscame nearer. All went to the door to see sar,' beckoned me to follow him, led who it was. The wagon stopped before | me to an inner room, where he left me the house. All knew the driver. It was with a desk, two chairs and my guilty conscience. I began to wish myself back at the hotel, with its good wine, good music and fine view on the Danube. Visions of police investigation

and an exposure, with possibly a term The woman's face was as immovable in a Hungarian jail, rose before me, for as it had been when she sat at the win- you know I had no more to do with newspaper business than I had with African exploration, when a clerk entered and with many a flirt and fintter proceeded to make out my credentials

"He was a funny little man, this "Zach," she said to the oldest child, clerk, who labored under the hallucinahe was further afflicted with that mild form of insanity which manifests itself and how long I proposed to remain in the city, and I answered all with that promptness and strict truthfulness which one acquires by years of association

with the members of this club. "Finally he put the poser, 'What is the name of your paper?' I thought with right that all great papers must be represented and feared that if I mentioned one of them I would be discovered and lost; so, thinking of the motto of the club, 'God loves a cheerful liar,' I said without a moment's hesitation, "The North Adams Transcript.' He didn't just remember the name and had to ask as to the spelling several times while making out the documents by means of which I was to secure an admission card, but if he had pressed me after I saw that the bluff went I would have told him a circulation story whichwell, which would not be in keeping

with The Transcript's books. "Well, I got into the press loge in time to hear Hungary's grand old man, Tisza, make the greatest speech of his life. Of course I could not understand his Hungarian, perfect as it no doubt was, but the enthusiasm which he aroused seemed contagious, and once during his talk, when a great shout of approval filled the chamber, women waved their handkerchiefs and fans, and members of the opposition even looked pleased, I caught myself applauding, but I quickly recalled the fact that I was there as The Transcript representa-

tive and as such had no opinion. "The picture from the gallery where 'we of the press' sat was one I shall never forget. Every inch of room in the spectators' pens was occupied, every deputy's chair was taken, and on the floor the monotony of the black and white was broken by the picturesque costumes characters of the Tibetan alphabet. It of the bishops, whose office entitles

them to a sent in the house. "After it was all over I went with my new companions of the press to a nearby restaurant, where we ate all sorts of things, all seasoned more or less with paprika, and drank tokay wine. I told my story, and The Transcript received its baptism of Hungarian fire-Keliner ein glass Dunkles bitte."-New York Tribune.

To brine butter take a pound of granulated sugar, a tablespoonful of saltpeter and 3 gallons of brine strong enough to bear an egg. Boil the brine and strain when cool. The butter should be wrapped in cloth before placing in the brine.

San Diego is the oldest city in California, and the ruins of the mission of 1769 are still preserved.

A Good Suggestion,

ROCHESTER, N. Y .- John Davies of this city, took a severe cold and suf-fered pain through the back and kidneys. His physician pronounced his case gravel, and failed to help him. Dr. David Kennedy's Fayorite Remedy was recommended, and after takpeople. For printed mater and other information, address F. J. Whitney, caused by this poison.—San Jose Mercured. It cures rheumatism and caused by this poison.—San Jose Mercured. It cures rheumatism and Luck.

Abraham Lincoln, after being a mem ber of congress, desired to secure a clerk-ship in Washington, but he was defeated by Justin Butterfield. He was disappointed, but had he not been defeated he would have spent his life in obscurity instead of becoming president of the United States.

Oliver Cromwell was once on board a ship bound for America, but he was taken back by a constable, and the result was that he became one of the greatest men England ever knew.

Ulysses Grant would not have been a military man had it not been that his rival for a West Point cadetship had been found to have six toes on each foot instead of five.

The great silver mine, the "Silver King," had been discovered by the lucky accident of a prospector throwing a piece of rock at a lazy mule. - New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Opening a watch case with a knife or finger nail is needless in our day. The Keystone Watch Case Company, of Philadelphia, Pa., furnishes free a handsome watch case opener which makes, besides, a pretty charm for the watch chain. If you can't get one from your jeweler, send to Philadel-phia. The Company is the largest of its kind in the world, and makes all kinds of cases. Its specialty is the Boss filled case. Jas. Boss invented and made the first filled case in 1859. and many of the cases then made and worn since are still intact. Later the Boss patents passed into the hands of the Keystone Company, which has the sole right to make these cases. It has also the sole right to use on its cases the patent Non-pull-out bow or ring, which prevents loss of the watch by theft or injury to it by accident. The Keystone Company does not re-tail, but all jewelers sell the Boss and other Keystone cases.

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for further information. C. W. JACKSON.

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